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THE  
AIRS, DUETS, TRIOS, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE  
NEW MUSICAL FARCE

OF  
LOVE IN A CAMP,  
OR,  
PATRICK IN PRUSSIA;

PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL

COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by the Author of the POOR SOLDIER, &c.

The Music by Mr. SHIELDS.

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London;  
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M.DCC.LXXXVII.

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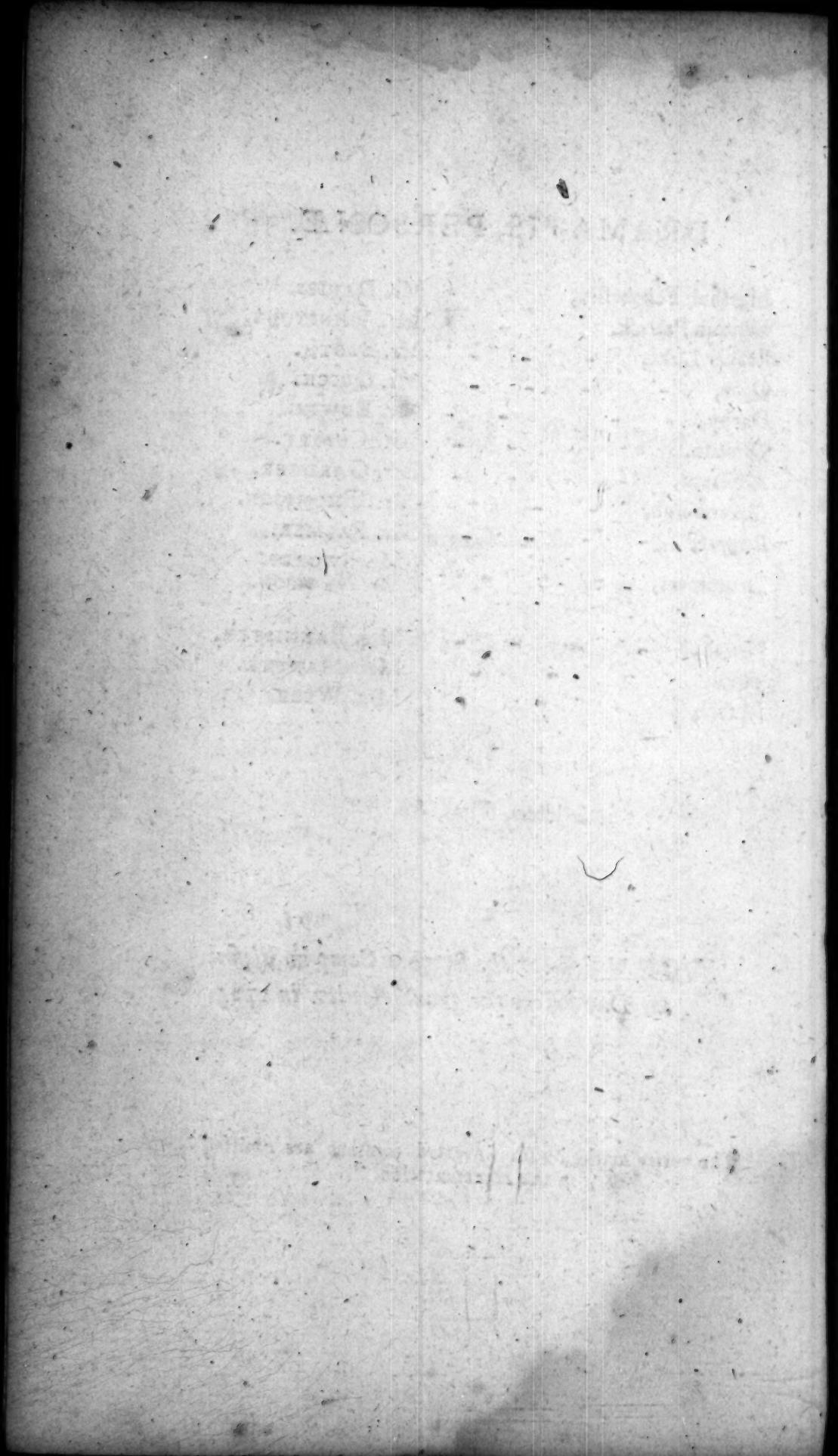
## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Marshal Fehrbellin,	-	-	-	Mr. DAVIES.
Captain Patrick,	-	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Father Luke,	-	-	-	Mr. BOOTH.
Quiz,	-	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Darby,	-	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Olmutz,	-	-	-	Mr. CUBITT.
Adjutant,	-	-	-	Mr. GARDNER.
Greenbergh,	-	-	-	Mr. THOMPSON.
Rupert,	-	-	-	Mr. PALMER.
Drummers,	-	-	-	{ Mr. SWORDS. Mr. NEWTON.
Norah,	-	-	-	Mrs. BANNISTER.
Flora,	-	-	-	Mrs. MARTYR.
Mabel,	-	-	-	Mrs. WEBB.

Soldiers, Fifes, &c.

S C E N E, *near the Prussian Camp in Silegia,*  
*the Day before the grand Review in 1785.*

The verses marked with inverted commas are omitted  
in the representation.



S O N G S, &c.

I N

LOVE IN A CAMP.

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A C T I.

A I R I.—*Chorus of Soldiers.*

*Dar.* So cheerful, so happy, we boys of the  
blade,  
Prepare all to meet on the shining  
parade.

Then rub  
And scrub  
Your musket, your belts, and your  
bayonets bright.

*Cho.* We'll scrub,  
We'll rub  
Our muskets, &c.

A 2

*Dar.*

*Dar.* In spatterdash white,  
As he throws up his leg,  
Each rank and file marches a bold Scander-  
beg.

Tan Tarara.

The ladies admiring  
Our charging and firing,  
Our standing and kneeling,  
To right and left wheeling.

Tol lol de ral lol de lol la.

*Cbo.* The Ladies admiring, &c.

*Dar.* Tan Tarara,  
A smile from a woman's a soldier's de-  
light,  
They love us, we love 'em, and for 'em  
we'll fight.

Tan Tarara  
We'll jovially sing,  
Drink a health to our king,  
And make the camp ring.

Tol lol de ral lol de lol la.

*Cbo.* We'll jovially sing, &c.

AIR II.—*Flora.*

The tuneful birds how sweet they sing !  
 How gay the dainty flowrets spring !  
 How light the milkmaid's brimming pail  
 As chaunting o'er the flow'ry dale !  
 'Tis love that wafts her blythe along,  
 That paints the flowers, and tunes the song.

AIR III—*Captain Patrick.*

DANS votre lit that bright parterre,  
 Should Flora bloom a lily fair,  
 A smiling jonquil I cou'd be  
 To blow sweet flow'r beside of thee,

Dans votre lit.

Or nodding on the thorny bush,  
 You droop to hide the rose's blush ;  
 The leafy umbrage make of me,  
 And in this breast you'll shelter'd be.

Dans votre lit.

When ev'ry flow'r that paints the ground  
 Throws smiles and odours all around,  
 Sweet flow'r I'll prove thy faithful bee,  
 And honey sip from none but thee.

Dans votre lit.

TRIO IV.—*Captain, Darby, and Flora.*

Capt.      My angel,  
 Dar.      Little girl ;  
 Flo.      Who, me ?  
 Capt.      A moment stop,  
 Flo.      Do stop me at your peril ;  
[*Apart to Capt.*]  
 Dar.      Your tent, and then a drop.  
 Flo.      Nay, Sir !  
 Capt.      Why so cold, my charmer ?  
 Dar.      Brilliant Burgundy shall warm her.  
 Capt. and Dar.      My cherry, my plumb,  
                     In finger and thumb  
                     You shall fold the waist  
                     Of the blushing glass,  
                     My sweet rosy lass,  
                     While the nectar lip you taste ;  
                     Such joy will I sip  
                     From your ripe balmy lip  
                     Your charms thus I'll clasp,  
 Dar.      Thus the bottle I'll grasp.  
 Flo.      How can you serve me so ?  
 Dar.      Then up my dear you go :  
                     Do let his honor buss.  
 Capt.      My sweet a moment stay,  
 Flo.      How dare you serve me thus  
                     Upon the King's high-way ?  
*Dar.*

*Dar.* A turnpike-man am I,  
To take King Cupid's toll,  
A kiss;

*Flo.* I will pass by,

*Dar.* You can't upon my soul !

*Capt.* My lovely Sylvan beauty!

*Flo.* What shall I do ? O, lack !

*Dar.* My Sweet, pay here the duty  
With a hearty smack.

[*She strikes Darby.*]

Pize on your fist, my Beauty ;

Oh, dang it, what a whack

Your chaps may take the duty  
Of such a doucing smack.

*All.* Pize on your fist, &c.

---

A I R V.—*Captain.*

AWAY ye giddy, smiling throng,  
Of tempting beauties, fair and young,  
My heart be true, altho' my tongue

Shou'd sing of lovely Flora.

Or shou'd I gaze with fond desire,

Shou'd breath of roses fan the fire,

And tho' I on a touch expire,

My soul is thine, sweet Norah.

" The bonds of Hymen o'er my mind,  
 " My constant soul must ever bind  
 " To that dear woman left behind,  
 " My kind, my tender Norah.  
 " But, Oh ! I fear each mortal part,  
 " Nay e'en this true, this faithful heart,  
 " Resistless to the urchin's dart,  
 " Shot by the eyes of Flora."  
 Illusive vapour, transient blaze ;  
 Oh, vanish, while I wand'ring gaze !  
 But shine like Dian's silver rays,  
 My passion chaste for Norah !  
 Yet Hymen winks, and Venus smiles,  
 And Passion ev'ry sense beguiles,  
 And Cupid, with his thousand wiles,  
 Assists my charming Flora !

AIR VI.—*Quiz.*

All fierce and military,  
 Cross buff belt and regimental new,  
 High cap, rough, and hairy,  
 At our grand review ;  
 With spur on boot  
 Adorn the foot,  
 To grace the field while pateraroes shoot.  
 Fire and smoke,  
 All a joke ;  
 Bullets whiz,  
 Bully Quiz  
 Erect as a sturdy oak,  
 On my Charger prancing,  
 Rat, tat, tat, his hoofs shall beat the ground,  
 Great glove and broad sword glancing,  
 Salute the ladies round ;  
 In the grand pas rear, up the pavement tear,  
 Like a noble Colonel at my men I swear ;  
 Hey, they fight ; to the right, keep the rank,  
 Guard the flank ;  
 Zounds ! I'll soon be a Brigadier.

## AIR VII.—FINALE.

*Captain Patrick, Darby, Quiz, and Mabel.*

*Dar.* What, is he gone? oh bug and bounds,  
How near I was a thrashing!

But there's your uncle, Father Luke,  
In Berlin chaise come dashing!

*Capt.* 'Sdeath! perhaps my Norah too!

*Dar.* We're in a hopeful hobble!  
But I must to my awl and end,  
The matter up to cobble.

*Capt.* Disgrac'd; I cannot face my wife.

*Dar.* Who bid her now to come, Sir?

*Capt.* And such a cause then, Father Luke,

*Dar.* Your hand the priest I'll hum, Sir.

*Capt.* 'Till I'm restor'd, amuse 'em both;  
Again, my friend, I'll rank ye;

*Dar.* I wonder how is little Quiz?

[Enter Quiz and Mabel.

*Quiz.* I'm pretty well, I thank ye.

My Mabel, by the god of war,

Is a celestial Houry,

As fine a bride as man can wish

When here you down her dowry.

*Mab.*

*Mab.* Like scissars hang in apron-string,  
 Or dangle here a locket;  
 But touch my cash, and that, and you,  
 I'll put into my pocket.

*Capt.* Come, come, agree  
*Dar.* Like man and wife,  
*Capt.* And very well you'll both do.  
*Mab.* Ay, by the god of war, we will,  
*Quiz.* Already get my oath too.  
*Dar.* Friend Quiz, your hand, I give you joy  
 Of spousey and her riches,  
 This comfort still is your's my boy,  
 She ne'er can wear the breeches.  
*Quiz.* Then let the chine and turkey smoke,  
 Good shear o'erspread the table;  
*Dar.* The wedding's such a merry joke,  
 Of little Quiz and Mabel.

*All.* Then let the chine, &c.

## A C T II.

A I R I.—*Norah.*

**I**N camps how rough by Mars array'd !  
 There Fate attends his will ;  
 At home you hear each tender maid,  
 “ Ah ! was he form'd to kill ? ”

In charms secure, the fair advance,  
 And, ere an arrow flies,  
 He looks around, and at each glance,  
 A wounded maiden dies.

Oh come, my Soldier, meet my fight,  
 Full far I've come to thee ;  
 No foe now dares you to the fight,  
 But gentle Love and me.

My Soldier doats on fierce alarms,  
 Where foes in battle join ;  
 But when the trumpet sounds to arms,  
 Oh, let him fly to mine.

A I R

A I R II.—*Darby.*

I'll sing you a song ; faith, I'm singing it now  
here ;

I don't mean t'front either small or big bow-  
wow here,

The subject I've chosen, it is the canine race,  
To prove like us, two-legg'd dogs, they're a  
very fine race.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, la, la.

## III.

Like you and I, other dogs may be counted sad  
dogs ;

As we won't drink water, some might think us  
mad dogs :

A Courtier is a spaniel, a citizen's a dull dog,  
A Soldier is a mastiff, a Sailor's a bull-dog.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, la, la.

## III.

When silly dogs for property, uncle, son, and  
brother,

Grin and snarl mighty gruff, and worry one  
another :

Shou'd they a bit of equity from Justice beg  
the loan of,

That cunning dog the lawyer, Snap, carries  
quick the bone off.

Bow, wow, wow,

Fal, la, la.

## IV. And

## IV.

An old maid comes from church, to the poor no  
lady kinder ;  
A lusty dog her footman, with prayer-book, be-  
hind her :  
A poor boy asks a farthing, and gets plenty of  
good kicking,  
But Little Shock, her lap-dog, must have a  
roasted chicken.

Bow, wow, wow,  
Fal, jal, la.

## V.

“ A Poet’s a lank greyhound, for the public he  
runs game down,  
“ A Critic is a cur that strives to run his fame  
down ;  
“ And though he cannot follow where the no-  
ble sport invites him,  
“ He slyly steals behind, and by the heel he bites  
him.

Bow, wow, wow,  
Fal, jal, la.

VI. You’ve

" You've a choice pack of friends, while to feed  
 'em you are able,  
 " Your dog for his morsel crouches under  
 your table,  
 " Your friends turn tail in misfortune or dis-  
 aster,  
 " But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forsake  
 his master.

Bow, wow, wow,  
 Fal, lal, la.

" As your friends turn tail the moment that  
 you need 'em,  
 " My dog ran away when no longer I cou'd  
 feed him,  
 " This cur, so ungrateful, forsook me on my  
 journey,  
 " And for a mouldy crust went back to the at-  
 torney.

Bow, wow, wow,  
 Fal, lal, lal,

## AIR III.—DUETT.

Darby, and Father Luke.

*Fa. Lu.* AND oh, is he gone, *whirra strua*,  
poor Pat?

So sorry, [Darby *shewing the empty bottle.*] look here,

*Fa. Lu.* I'm so sorry for that,  
My grief is so great not a tear can I cry;  
*Dar.* And yet, my good Sir, you've a sup in  
your eye.

*Fa. Lu.* Go, go,  
Take your liquor away from me;

*Dar.* Oh, ho!  
Does it give you such pain?  
*Fa. Lu.* And ne'er bring your usquebaugh bottle  
to me.

*Dar.* No.

*Fa. Lu.* No Darby, No.  
'Till you've fill'd it again.

AIR

AIR. IV.—*Norab.*

With your sex, my sweet Flora, your blushes  
forget,

Tho' coy, you're *no longer* a maid ;  
In your bright burnish'd gorget a brazen face  
set,

Be a ball (*bey allons*) your parade ;  
In your nice chicken gloves, as you gallantly  
stand,

While the fiddles for action prepare,  
For the dear *pas de doux* give the word of com-  
mand,

And gracefully foot to the fair.

## II.

“ At your mess when poor virtue in bumpers is  
drown'd,

“ Tho' the toast *gives a zest* to each glass ;

“ When Bacchus the temples of folly has  
crown'd,

“ Be the god of your favorite lass ;

“ Oh ! ne'er let her character die in a wink,

“ E'en a chorus of laughter despise ;

“ Your goddess as pure as the wine that you  
drink,

“ Let your fancy exalt to the skies.

## III.

As far as a kiss you may venture to toy,  
 Tho' scarce would I venture so far;  
 'Tis folly, not courage, a foe to annoy,  
 If we cannot well finish the war.  
 Encounters of all sorts my friend then forbear,  
 Nor longer depend on your fan;  
 If you strut and look big, cock your hat  
 with an air,  
 You may pass for a very fine man.

---

AIR V. Quartetto—*Captain, Rupert, Darby,*  
*and Flora.*

*Flo.* THE lovely Fair, within that room, my  
 wife shall be;

*Capt.* And how, Sir, are you sure of that?

*Flo.* Oh, she loves me!

*Capt.* 'Sdeath, Sir, what's that you say? quick,  
 answer speedily!

*Rup.* What of my Flora, tell me first.

*Flo.* Oh, she loves me!

*Capt.*

*Capt.* and *Rup.* She loves thee !

*Dar.* He loves she :

*Flo.* And for her sweet sake, you, Sir ; or, you,  
I'll see.

*Dar.* To 'em, my little Cock-a-nouns ; Oh,  
you're my Gramachree.

*Capt.* and *Rup.* What, my Love love thee ?

*Flo.* Ay, thy Love loves me—

*Dar.* Knock their heads together—

*Flo.* Have at you, one, two, three.

*Dar.* Sir, leave me out---a wicked rogue, our  
little Gramachree

*Rup.* and *Capt.* Satisfaction you must give,  
most surely now to me.

*Flo.* Fire or sword, when Love's the word,  
have at you, one, two, three !

*Dar.* Oh, what a tearing Hero, our little  
Gramachree !

Together

AIR VI. Finale.—*Captain, Patrick, Darby, Father Luke, Quiz, Mabel, Flora, and Norah.*

*Capt.*      Oh now let the drum  
                  Beat company come,  
                  And let the clarionets play ;  
                  And, oh, little fife,  
                  Now whistle for life,  
                  While merry we foot it away.  
                  For Fortune turns her wheel,  
                  And with us she'll dance a reel ;  
                  The late whining fellow,  
                  Now jovial and mellow,  
                  To jollity ring a peal.

## II.

*Quiz.*      As sure as a gun  
                  We'll shew you such fun,  
                  As never was seen before ;  
                  Like officers swear,  
                  And tatter and tear,  
                  And like a canon we'll roar.

*Dar.*      Quiz ?

*Quiz.*      Darby, did you call ?

*F. Luke.*    Ye devils, how loud ye bawl ;

*Quiz.*      To house, bed, and table,  
                  Of Quiz,

*Mab.*      And poor Mabel  
                  You're heartily welcome all.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

*Flora.*

*Flora.*

Oh, maidens, take care,  
By 'xample beware  
If ruin you'd wish to shun;

*Norab.*

Nor trust to your charms  
When once from your arms  
You suffer your spousy to run;

*Flora.*

Like birds held in a string;  
They'll hop about, then take wing,

*Norab.*

From twig to bough flying,  
Your sobbing, your crying,  
Ne'er back can the wanton bring.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

*F. Luke.*

A sad wicked place,  
A very sad case,  
Here nothing I'll get to do.

Child, put on your cap, [to Flo.  
And here is a flap;  
I'll marry that younker [to Rupert]  
and you;

If you don't take't amiss [to Mab.  
I'd like to bury poor Quiz  
Without any money;  
Your hand, my dear honey,

[To Quiz.  
So much I like your phiz.

Oh, now let the drum, &c.

*Darby.* And now, my friends, may  
Your Poor Soldier say  
A word in our Poet's behalf?  
Oh, do not then try  
To make the boy cry,  
Who so often has made you laugh;  
Success we cannot command,  
But let your merciful hand  
Now lend us a volley,  
And pardon his folly,  
For honor of Old England.  
Oh, now let, &c.

THE END.